MORE THAN 8 INCHES

THE COUNTY JAIL

One day, when I was just 18 years old, I was walking down the street and saw a car parked with the key in the ignition. I got in and drove around for a few hours before I was stopped by a police car. They thought (because I looked so young) that I was underage for driving. I didn't have a driver's license or proof of ownership of the car. They locked me up that night in the jail in a cell with a guy who was a couple of years older than I. He was a damn good looking guy, tall, dark, and kinda rugged looking, and dressed in a T shirt and Levi's.

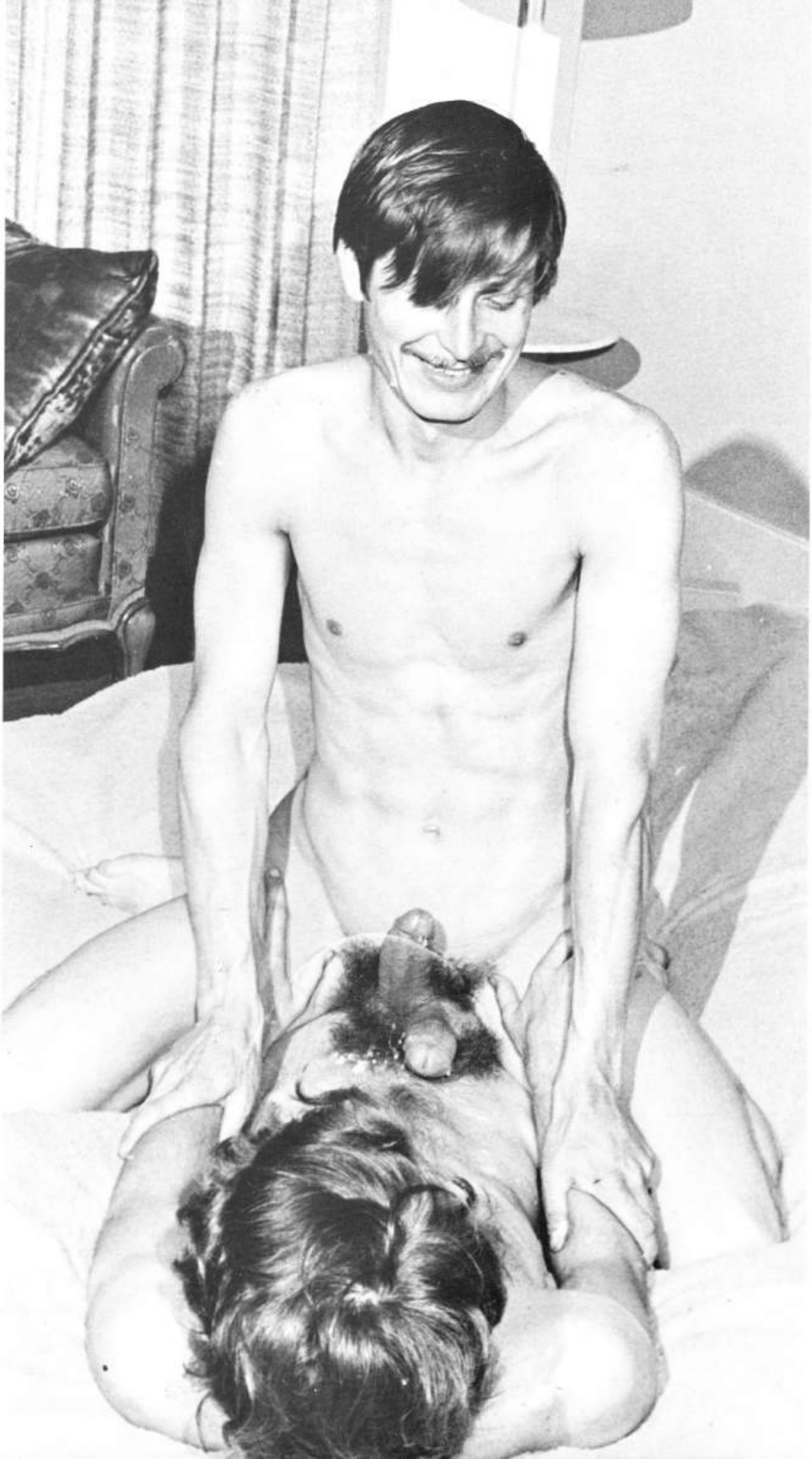
When the lights were turned out we started talking, and he asked me what I was in for, and I told him. He told me he was in on a sex charge. I asked if the girl was under age and he surprised me by saying, "Well, kid, it wasn't a girl . . . it was a guy."

I didn't really understand all that meant so I changed the subject so as not to show my ignorance. However, he got back on the topic quickly by asking me if I had enough money for smokes, and when I said I was broke he said, "Don't worry about that. I think we can work things out so that you'll have all the cash, and the smokes, you need or want."

"Well, that depends," I answered. I thought to myself that I'd better watch this guy, 'cause I didn't know just what he had in mind. By now he had taken his clothes off and he told me to do the same, 'cause if I didn't they would get all messed up if I slept in 'em. He was standing bare-assed, but I just took off my Levi's and left on my shorts. The guard came by about then, so my cellmate crawled into the upper bunk and I went under the covers of the lower one.

He kept talking after the guard walked on by, and wanted to know all about my sex life; when I'd started dating, if I did it very often, and when was the last time I'd laid a girl. I answered all of his questions truthfully and admitted that the last time I'd been with a girl was about a month ago. He bragged that he hadn't had a girl for over six months, but he knew of other ways of having a good time. I thought of one other way . . . which was all I knew . . . jacking off . . . but I didn't think that was as much fun as with a girl. He got down from his bunk and walked over to the toilet in the corner of the cell. When he turned to sit down I could see that he had a hard-on . . . one of the biggest I'd ever seen. It seemed to be pointing right at me. I quickly turned in my bunk so that my back was to him, since I was kinda embarrassed.

He kept talking as he sat there and he started to tell me how well built I was. I realized then that the covers were just about off of me, and he could see all of my body, except for that covered by my tight jockey shorts. He kept talking and said that my ass looked real firm. I thought that this was pretty crazy talk and wondered why in the hell he cared about my butt. To get him to quit talking about my "round, firm, attractive ass," I turned again toward him and when I did I saw that he was sitting on the toilet and jacking himself off like crazy. I felt embarrassed to look, yet I couldn't keep my eyes off of his prick. It was so big and hard I was too fascinated to turn away. When he saw me staring he got up and walked toward me,



still jerking on his prick.

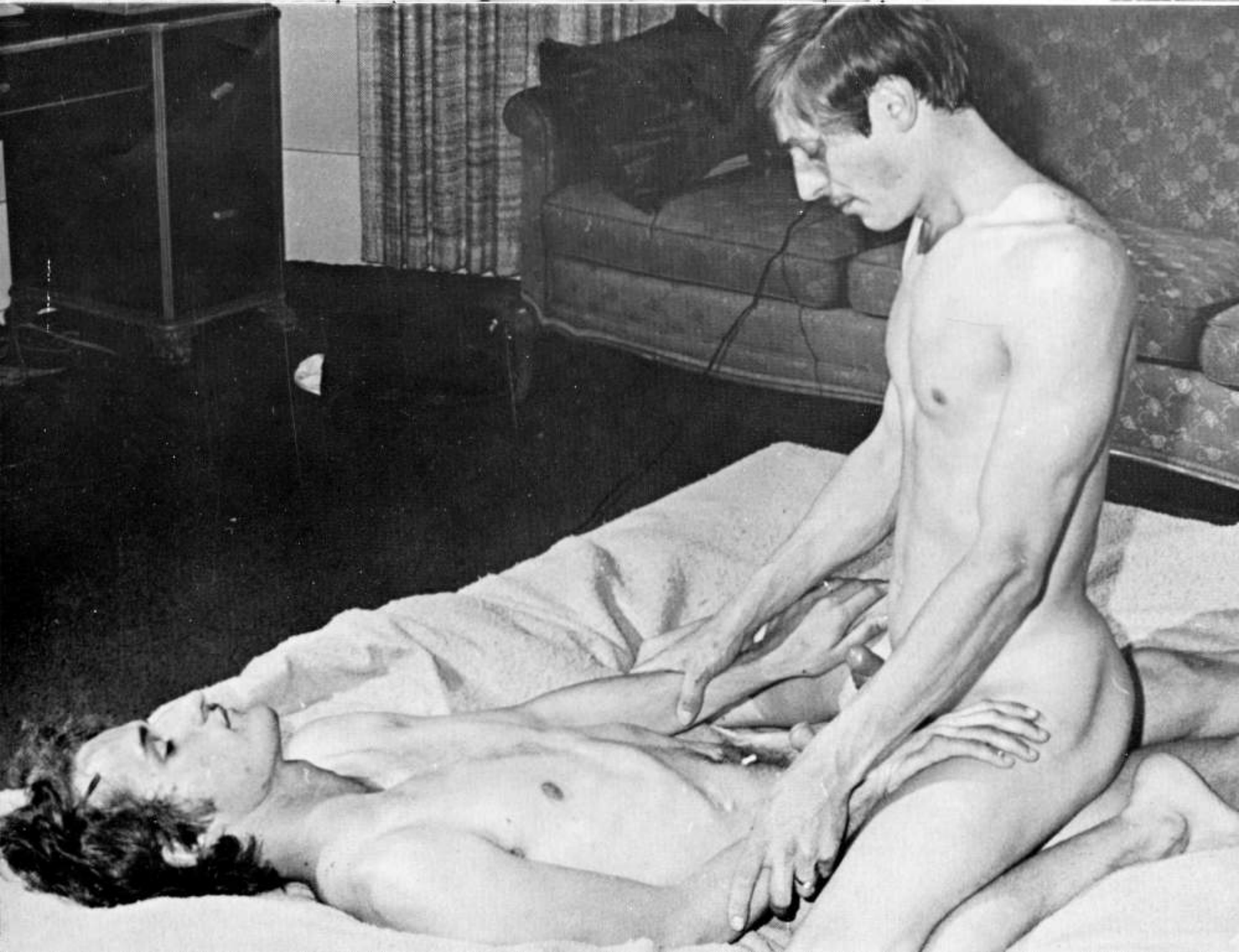
"Come on, kid, let me do it to you."

I realized my cock had gotten hard inside my shorts and he came over and reached for and pulled the shorts off my hips. My cock stood up coming clear to my navel . . . I guess mine was about as big as his . . . though I hadn't realized it. The gang and the girls are always kidding me that they hear I've got "something special" for 'em.

Well anyway, he took hold of my cock and I'll have to admit that it felt good to have his hand on it, running up and down its length. I was so hot that I was almost ready to come when he sensed it, and he dropped his hand from my cock and said, "Now let me try something else."

As I said, I was so hot I was almost ready to let go of my load and I didn't know what he meant, but was willing to try anything that would get me to the point of getting off what I felt building up inside my guts. So when he said, "Turn over on your side toward the wall," I did, without hesitating. He got up on the bunk and put the head of his cock against my asshole. The hole was tight and I was scared. He tried to push his prick into me but had no luck. He told me that he had something that would help and he reached up on his bunk and got a small tube of vaseline. He squeezed some of it on his hand and some on the head of his prick. He ran his hand up and down that pole until it was all shiny and glistening and when he started to work on my asshole it sure felt funny, but I was getting hotter by the minute. He slid his finger in all the way and then pulled it all the way out, and it tingled. I was beginning to see that it might be fun to get fucked, and yet I was afraid about getting hurt.

Rolling me over on my stomach, he straddled my legs, slowly pressing himself down on the cheeks of my ass. He ran his fingers along the crack until he had me so excited that thrills of electricity ran up and down my spine and I pressed my body up against his hot skin. The next thing I knew he had his prick against the opening and I was sure he'd never get it in. It seemed bigger than three or four fingers and was hard as hell. Also, he was not at the right point, so that when he pushed, I could feel it pain me and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. I told him he wasn't at the right place and



he said, "You'd better pull the cheeks of your ass apart and I'll get up on my knees and see exactly where the opening is before I put it in."

I slid my hands around behind me and pulled my ass as he instructed and then I felt the heat of his cock as it rubbed against my hole. I felt him straining and I was eager and anxious so I pushed myself back against him as much as I could. That was my first mistake! The head went in almost an inch and it hurt me plenty. I told him to pull it out, but he tried to push it in farther until I thought I was going to split apart . . . yet when he shoved another inch or so in, I pulled myself away from that tool which hurt me so badly.

"No more of that for me, buddy," I said.

"We'll wait a few minutes and then try it again, and this time we'll take it slower and you'll enjoy it, and I promise you it won't hurt this time."

I told him I wanted him to use more vaseline, but we discovered that the tube was empty. "Don't worry," he said, "I can use spit." He put some on the head of his cock and then he spit into his palm and stroked it up and down in the crack of my butt. It felt cool to that burning spot. He had his hand there at my ass long after the spit had dried and he slowly moved the hand back and forth and then gently shoved in one finger after another. I found myself beginning to want that whole prick inside me.

He got into position over me again and as he shoved his heavy prick toward the opening of my ass, he leaned forward and I'll be damned if the whole thing didn't slip right in real easy. I could feel it go into me, inch by inch, and I knew that I'd had it all when I felt his balls slap against mine. We lay still for a moment and then he began to slowly move up and down. After a few long, easy strokes, I began to feel pretty good and I started to work my ass back and forth towards him as he sent each stroke forward and back. Soon he lengthened his strokes. "Wasn't I telling you the truth when I said you'd like it?"

He just kept up a steady rhythm and I could feel his prick thrusting in and out and it was gathering up speed with each stroke. I kept getting hotter and hotter and my cock was rubbing up against my stomach and the bed. I felt I was gonna shoot over the bed, and my stomach at any moment. I could feel my stomach getting slippery from the stuff oozing out of my prick. I was enjoying it, but didn't think I'd be able to hold back from shooting much longer.

He began to breathe harder and harder and I felt his breath against the back of my neck. All of a sudden he lunged and gasped and I felt him push with all his might and he drove his cock into me as far as it would go. Big as it was, I could feel it expanding and contracting and getting bigger than it was before. Then it exploded! I felt each separate spurt as he shot into me. I could feel the warmth of his come and as his cock throbbed I could feel my own begin to do so too, and a torrent of stuff pumped out of me and ran onto my belly and chest and the sheets.

We lay still for a while, but he had a few drops that I got each time I contracted my asshole. I found I was having as much trouble catching my breath as he had, but when he asked me, I wouldn't admit how much I dug it.

Along towards morning I found myself with a swollen prick, climbed up and shoved it into the guy. It was pretty wild and he made me mighty hot. We had as much difficulty catching our breath from this session as from the first when he laid into me. Now I don't know which I like best: fucking or being fucked!

The Wild One

With summer just about over, I decided to take a couple of weeks off just to loaf and get ready for school. I had spent the summer working at one of the super markets in town, a real slow summer. I'm not really complaining. I went over to the coast a number of times with Biff or Buck, so I can't say it was a completely uninteresting summer.

I was sitting around the house one morning just after I quit – spending my time day-dreaming about my friends when the phone rang. I answered it and was pleasantly surprised to hear Jack's voice. I had met Jack a couple of months before, but he had left town for the summer, so this was the first time I had heard from him since. I know that he was, like, over-sexed! So he had heard that I had quit work and wasn't doing anything – so did I want to take an overnight trip to the coast. He had gotten permission to use the beach cottage of a friend of his, and he thought it might be interesting. It sounded damn good to me and so plans were made to pick me up at my place at noon and we would be on our way.

I threw what few things I would need into an overnight bag and waited. All I could think of was my knowledge about Jack and wondering if it was all correct and if it was, just how interesting this overnight trip would be. Just letting my thoughts run wild aroused me to a fever pitch. I could feel my dick straining at the stitches of my levi's. How I could go for a little right now! I was always over-sexed and I could have jacked off right then, but I knew if I waited, we would have one great time at the coast and I was sure to be complete tonight. True to his word, Jack arrived at 12:00 sharp and I wasted no time getting out to the car; I was in a hurry to get going. Jack explained that the place we were going was about 60 miles away and that we should be there in an hour or so.

"Jack," I asked, "is anyone else going to be there?" He laughed, "No, not this time – just the two of us. But a lot of times a few others do come over. We consider it almost a closed club."

I was impressed to be invited to a nice cottage on the coast. As for anyone else being there, I didn't give a damn. Jack would be enough for any person as I remembered. The talk on the way down was about a lot of things. He told me about the times he would go up to Mercedes (the big city as

he called it) to cruise and about some of the experiences he had had while there. We talked about going over to the beach, about Chuck and Dick and experiences all to be remembered.

My cock was as hard as a rock. How I wished we were there already. I looked over at him and could see that his cock was not soft either. It pushed his pants way up. I reached over and rubbed it through his pants. No kidding, I still think it is the biggest I have ever felt.

"What the hell do you want me to do, cream my jeans?" He laughed, and I let go. He was smiling, so I knew that he had enjoyed it.

We arrived at our destination about 1:30 and not to bore you with details, I do feel that this cottage should be somewhat described. It was on a desolate stretch of road, miles from anywhere, and about a mile from the main highway. Two oversized bedrooms, or should they be called playrooms, and a large living room opened onto a terrific sun deck. A bath and kitchen completed the layout. Furnished in excellent taste, a couple of large pillows for comfortable lounges were in the living room and sun deck.

"Let's take in a little sun this afternoon," Jack suggested. "OK, but I want to run out to the car for a pack of smokes," I said.

When I came back into the house, I went directly into the bedroom. Jack was already stripped and must have been out on the deck. His clothes were lying on the bed. I hurried and completely stripped so that I could join him. I walked through the living room to the sun deck and there

Jack stood leaning against the railing, his back to the gulf. Six foot, dark curly hair, beautiful smooth body, well built, but not overly so. Terrific smile!

"Terrific!" he said. "It's great up here. Come on out and get some sun." I went out on the deck and laid down on one of the pillows, resting my head on my arms. He was still standing there, that huge tool of his only half hard and hanging down at a beautiful angle. It was large, at least a good eight inches.

"You look enticing," he said. "You look almost good enough to eat," I returned, laughingly. He walked over and knelt down on the pad, a knee on each side of my chest. He put his arms down and brought his semi-hard cock towards my mouth. I put my arms up to help his body and took the soft meat into my mouth. I could feel it begin to grow and get hard as he pumped it in and out. I was enjoying this! Mostly all pleasure and a minimum of hard work. I felt his breathing get heavier and without notice, his tool gave a big jerk and come shot out. I didn't know if I would be able to take someone's come as I did his. It was a veritable flood. I was enjoying life too much. He got up, the perspiration standing out all over his body.

"I'm known as the original 'quick-nut-Jack,' I have to have a couple of goes at it before I can really get down to enjoying it without popping my nuts too soon," he said."It's too damn hot in this sun for this type of play. Let's go in and cool off a little."

He went on inside, but before I could get in I heard the shower running. As I came into the bedroom, I could see him sitting on a bench in the shower.

"Come on in, the water is great," he laughed. I stepped into the shower and the water was just perfect. It practically revitalized me as it hit my body. The hard-on I had acquired on the sundeck hadn't gone down a hair. I stood there a moment and Jack moved closer. The bench was just high enough that his head was in line with my belly and tool. He began to monkey kiss my belly – what a feeling! That along with the warm water and the urge to be done really had me going strong. He took my cock in his mouth and began to suck it eagerly, hard, firm, and hotly. I took his head in my hands and gently rubbed it while massaging the

back of his handsome, well-muscled, dark-haired neck. He took my tool further into his mouth. It was truly great. He must have liked doing it, as well as being done. His tool was hard again and while he was blowing me, he was jacking himself off. He was really a wild one! That wonderful feeling came over me at almost the same instant Jack shot his wad into the shower spray.

We dried off and went into the bedroom to rest. We lay there on the bed having a smoke. I was rubbing his soft dick. If he was right about what he said out on the sun deck, he would be ready to go again shortly. He reached over and got some vaseline out of the night stand and proceeded to rub some on his tool and between my legs. His tool was really hard again and he was ready. He rolled over and slipped his cock between my legs. I could feel its roundness and its length and heat, and God, it was exciting! He began to move his body up and down. I enjoyed having his body completely bare against my bare body. He moved slowly at first, and I held my legs tightly together to give his prick more pressure. As he moved faster, I rubbed my hands up and down his back and over the cheeks of his ass.

I felt his body give a convulsive quiver and the warm fluid ran down my legs. Jack lay there and panted. It must be good this way, I thought. I know I would enjoy trying it.

Needless to say, he was a wild one and it was a wild night. Me, I'm plain . . . EXHAUSTED.